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# THE PINE BRANCH

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## AN INTERLUDE

The quiet crawls up student halls  
The clouds flush flaming pinks:  
A lone bird's theme is an ode to Spring  
The world to silence sinks.

Yet—

Somewhere there is a city  
And once  
There was a war.

The tinted clouds drift into shrouds  
To deck the near-dead day:  
Around the bend blue Iris blend  
With the curving brook at play.

Yet—

Somewhere there is a city  
And once  
There was a war.

Along the hill the winds are still,  
The lone bird falls asleep:  
Deep darkness lies along the skies  
Through which the stars now peep.

Yet—

Somewhere there is a city  
And once  
There was a war.

Evelyn Brown.



## SPRING WEATHER

It was spring! There could be no doubt of that—the very air proclaimed it. The breeze coming softly through the trees was laden with warmth and delicate odors as though it might have blown from some far off land of flowers and romance. Everything was stirring—just waking to life and activity from the long sleep of winter, not boisterously, but tranquilly and softly as a baby who wakes smiling from his sleep.

Mrs. Whitaker sat looking dreamily from the window toying with the letter which she held in the hand lying leisurely on her lap.

“It is well that Helen is here with me,” she thought; “this spring weather puts foolish, romantic feelings and thoughts into my head, old married woman that I am,” smiling at the reflection in the mirror near by which denied the truth of her words, “Yes, old and settled as I am,” she continued, “I feel foolish and romantic, so how must this sunshine and breeze affect my silly little daughter who thinks that the world was made for her, her Tommie and love. I’m so glad that Gertrude is more sensible. I never have to worry about her being foolish and hasty!” and, turning to the letter which she had just written she began to read over again the last words:

“— And oh, Gertrude, what shall I do with your young and foolish sister? She and Tommie still insist that they love one another devotedly, distractedly and everlastingly. They cannot see that they are much too young for serious thoughts of marriage, but both believe that even though still young—and even they admit that—they have found their “soul-mates,” as Helen once expressed it, and they are waiting only for the parental blessing to be married and live happily ever afterwards! If I could only be sure that they would continue to wait for that ‘parental blessing!’ They are a problem!

“If you have a solution, my level-headed daughter, please write immediately to your distracted, but always loving,  
“Mother.”

Even as she smiled at the thought of the steadfastness and steadiness of her older daughter, Mrs. Whitaker sighed at the sentimentalism of the younger. What a problem she presented! Not bad, indeed, no! only a warm-hearted, impetuous girl of eighteen with a brain full of fanciful ideas



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of a Prince Charming, whom she was sure she saw in each new admirer. Each resulting disappointment seemed only to add to her zeal, and at last she had found in Tommie one whom she felt sure would fulfil her ideal.

Tommie, himself, a manly young fellow of nineteen, was a delightful friend and companion for Helen, but—

“Oh,” thought Mrs. Whitaker worriedly, “why do such mere children get such foolish notions in their heads? Why can’t they be sensible? Gertrude has never given me so much trouble; if only Helen—”

“Oh, Mother! Mother-dear!” floated up a clear, full girlish voice from the hall below, breaking in on her musings, “Oh, Mother, Tommie and I have just finished a game of tennis and we’re so thirsty. Please, may we have some lemonade? And where are the cookies that Anna made this morning? We’ll get the eatables and carry them out to the front steps. Won’t you come down here with us?”

Mrs. Whitaker came down at once and sat with the two young people on the steps in the full glory of the spring-time noonday until the lemonade was drunk, and the last of the cookies had disappeared; then she gave the letter which she had just written to Helen.

“Will you dear infants run along and mail this letter for me? I’ll be so glad if you will.”

“Sure, Mrs. Whitaker, we’ll be glad to.”

“Yes, Mother; I’ll be back directly!” and joyfully the two started on their walk to town.

“Oh, dear!” murmured Mrs. Whitaker to herself. “They try to want me with them, but oh, how glad they are to get off together when they can—I guess—plan for that glad day in the future when we shall consent to their mad plan. My, my, whatever shall I do? If only Helen’s father were home now! His business is such a nuisance in times like this. Still, there may be nothing serious. I’ll hope for the best.”

In the meantime the young couple were proceeding merrily down the street talking of—well, whatever such young couples find to talk of on such a spring day. From the subject of their recent tennis game, the conversation drifted to other personal grounds, and suddenly Tommie seized Helen’s arm and said,

“Say, Helen, they’ll never let us. Come on, let’s take the law into our own hands and elope! I know I’ll never find



## SPRING WEATHER

another girl half so dear and sweet as you are, and you do love me, don't you?"

"Why, Tommie, you needn't even ask that! You know that I do—but elope? Oh—" but just then a teasing little breeze of spring blew by carrying off all her doubts and misgivings, and instead of the halting words of refusal there came forth in a rush—

"Oh, Tommie, that will be precious! You always do think of grand things! But," with a shadow now overspreading her now glowing face, "how shall we manage?"

"Huh, easy enough now that you are willing! Helen, you're the dearest, sweetest, gamest little sport in the world, and if I don't make you happy—well, I won't be worth the powder and shot that it would take to kill me," he finished huskily, then, clearing his throat, "we'll get Dad's car and go to ride—so they'll think; then we'll go on to Georgetown and be married. That's a pretty long ways, but we couldn't get a license any nearer, because over in Stephens they know that you are only eighteen and I nineteen. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind?" asked Helen, looking at him with adoring eyes, "No indeed, I'd ride to the end of the world with you!"

Again Tommie exclaimed "You dear!" this time more softly, for they had come to the business section of the town, and there were a great many passersby.

"Oh, sister doesn't know what she's missing, does she. Tommie? All the business success in the world couldn't make up for this wonderful, wonderful day, and all the other glorious days which are coming. I think that love is the most important thing in the world, don't you? There's the car right there—see, parked over there across the street in front of Jones'. See it now?"

Was the way Tommie held her arm as they crossed the street just a trifle more protective than usual? Well, whether it was or not, Helen fancied so, and her heart beat with exultation at her own happiness and pity for the loveless existence for which her sister seemed destined.

As the two young people got into the car, an old man passing by called out,

"Don't go too far, Tommie! It's going to rain directly. It may not look that way now, but shore's my name's Joe Mosely it's goin' to pour down!"

"Thanks, Uncle Joe! We'll take care," said Tommie



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briefly as he started the car?

"Have you the curtains, Tommie?" asked Helen.

"No, but we won't need them. Uncle Joe just thinks it's going to rain. Did you ever see clearer weather? I don't think it looks rainy, and we haven't time to stop for any curtains if we're to get over yonder in time."

"All right; you know best, Tommie. Oh," with an ecstatic sigh, "Isn't this spring weather just beautiful? I love it! We couldn't have a prettier day for our wedding could we, dear? I wonder what mother is doing while we are so happy? I believe she'll really be pleased when she finds that we are already married, don't you?"

Back at the big white house from which the two had so recently gone, Mrs. Whitaker was reading a letter which the postman had just brought:

"Dearest Mother-o-Mine: I cannot tell you what a glorious time I am having down here with Aunt Jane! It is well that I was the one who came instead of Helen, for with her romantic nature what might she not do! Even I, prosaic and unromantic as I have always been, find myself dreaming romantic dreams under the spell of the orange blossoms, sunshine, birds and flowers—in short, the spell of the eternal springtime of this wonderful Florida land!"

When she had read the letter through, Mrs. Whitaker smiled tenderly at the extravagant language of that older daughter, usually so calm and unmoved; then her thoughts flew to that other daughter of hers, and with a smile doubly tender at the thought of them both, she settled back into her chair to read.

After a while the print began to grow dim, and looking up, she was surprised to see great black clouds beginning to gather overhead.

"I suppose Helen and Tommie must have stopped at Ethel's. I'll run call her and tell them to stay there until after the rain is over; I'm afraid that they wouldn't have time to get home before the storm breaks."

Accordingly, she phoned Ethel, only to find that they were not there, nor had Ethel seen them that day. After several other girls had been called with the same result, Mrs. Whitaker sat down uneasily on the porch waiting for them to come, until the rain storm burst in full force and she was forced to go back into the house.

"Now where can those children be?" she wondered.



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"Where indeed? They had left town merrily enough, and even a blowout several miles from town did not feaze these two youngsters running away together in the spring-time of life and of the year; for Tommie could repair it, and Helen was quite anxious to show how much she could help him (not only in fixing tires!) though she was only eighteen, and "quite too young," as her mother had told her the night before, even to think of getting married.

The tire was soon repaired, but several precious minutes had been lost, and, true to Uncle Joe's prediction, the clouds had begun to gather with threatening rapidity.

At last Helen awoke from her state of idyllic happiness enough to face the realities about her.

"Tommie, I do believe it's going to rain. Please hurry."

"Well, little girl, I'm going as fast as I can. We'll get there in just a little while more, and then, will you be as happy as—oh, — that blasted tire! Please excuse me, Helen, but it's such rotten luck! Two blowouts in one ride, and it's beginning to rain, too!"

"I guess I know that. Jump out quick, Tommie, and change the tire. Why didn't we bring those curtains? Oh, dear!" for it was the first time that Tommie's judgment had failed. "Please hurry and get the tire fixed, Tommie, darling, I'm getting drenched!"

"Oh, criminy! Helen, we've used the only extra tire, and I can't fix that thing. What'll we do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure! Romance isn't all it's cracked up to be! A real knight wouldn't let me stay out here in this fix. I believe sister was right!" Then, as the rain began to pour, she said with gathering anger, "You got me into this fix, now I think it's the least you can do to get me out of it! It's all your fault, Tommie Allen, for even suggesting such a thing, and I wish I were home instead of out in this downpour with you. I'm getting cold, and it's all your fault.—Don't stand there looking at me like that. Gracious, I'm 'bout to freeze.—No, I won't have your old coat; I'm going to walk back to town!" she concluded breathlessly, and disregarding Tommie's efforts to assist her, with the springtime in the air, and the springtime in her heart alike gone, she started on her way.

With quite an uncomfortable feeling, the boy wondered whether that water on Helen's cheeks was rain, or tears, but dared not ask.



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Some time later, Mrs. Whitaker, standing in the door, looking anxiously out through the rain, saw a car drive up to the front of the house, and a very wet, bedraggled little girl jump out, and with hardly a word of thanks to the driver, and with utter disregard of the boy in the back seat, run up to the house.

"Oh, mamma, I'm so cold. Please help me get out of these wet clothes, and please let me get to a fire, and have something hot to drink; I'm freezing!" and Mrs. Whitaker led her daughter, shivering with cold, into the bedroom, where a fire was already glowing brightly in the grate.

As a wise mother always does, Mrs. Whitaker asked no questions, but waited patiently while Helen made herself comfortable before the fire. She did not have to wait long, however, for even while changing the drenched garments for the cozy lounging robe brought to her by her mother, Helen began to tell her woeful tale.

"Mother dear, it was awful! Tommie and I went to ride, and it began to rain, and we had a blowout, and there weren't any curtains, and I got so cold, and we couldn't get the tire fixed, so I started back to town. Tommie came on too, of course; he's the silliest creature! You needn't look so surprised! He is! After I had walked, and walked, and walked in all that rain and mud, Mr. Brown came along and picked us up, and we finally got home. This fire surely *does* feel good. Oh, but it's nice to be home and have you to take care of me!"

"I'm glad that I have you to care for, dearest child. I had conjured up all sorts of dire possibilities. Why," with a little laugh, "I even imagined that you and Tommie had eloped!"

"Why, mother! how silly. You know that we have more sense than that,—but do answer that door bell. I can't, and it's been ringing for ever so long. If it's Tommie, I can't see him!" she called after her mother.

"No, it wasn't Tommie," answered Mrs. Whitaker, re-entering the room.. It's a telegram from Gertrude. She's probably out of funds and wiring for more. I'll read it to you—my gracious, Helen!"

"Mother! What's the matter? Is sister ill?" demanded Helen, springing to her feet. "You look so strange. Let me see the telegram! Whew—" with a most unladylike whistle of surprise, she read:



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“Orange blossoms and spring win. Hugh Clemens and I married this morning. Forgive me. Wire congratulations. Love. Gertrude.’ Why, mother!”

“Helen, dearest child, only think of it! Gertrude has eloped! I might have expected some such thing from you and Tommie, but Gertrude—”

“Mother! how silly!” exclaimed Helen, interrupting. “You know we have more sense than that!”

Ah, but that was winter weather! How will you feel, Helen, when the rain stops, the sun shines, and the beguiling little breeze again whispers softly of flowers, romance and spring?

Martha Youngblood.

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## THE VERDANT SEASON

Budding trees and grasses green;  
Flowers peering through,  
Lifting up their dainty heads,  
Gazing straight at you.

Music wafted on the breeze,  
Happy birdie's song,  
Babble, babble of the brook  
As it flows along.

Laughing children at their play,  
Glad their voices ring;  
Old folks smile and nod their heads  
"Ah! the lovely Spring!"

Golden sunshine over all,  
Fading 'way too soon.  
Then the earth is lighted by  
Ev'ning's silver moon.

"Nature has a new creation!"  
All the world doth sing.  
So has Life a new beginning  
Happy youth and Spring!

Joyce Sikes, '23.



## THE SAME OLD WAY

"And of course they lived happily ever after," the boy concluded; then he shut his knife with a sharp click and fingered the whittled stick with pride.

"Why?" asked the little girl as she brought her small, lithe body into a more upright position, and shook the dark hair out of her eyes.

"They always do, you know."

"W-e-l-l, not always."

"Yes they do," the boy insisted firmly.

The girl looked down a moment, then away, and suddenly she turned to him. It was as if something in the view of the little house that topped the hill had given her an idea. There was a dreamlike mistiness of imaginative vision in her eyes combined with a light of finality and triumph, as if she held the talisman to some secret of reality unknown to the boy. He was afraid to ask questions; it would seem as if he wanted to know. Finally his curiosity overcame him and he ventured,

"How do you know?" in a careless manner designed to allay any suspicion of his eagerness to know what the girl knew.

It was Jean Andre's moment of triumph. Always in the past Robin Windsor had refused to bow to her superiority of wisdom, the main reason being that she belonged to that uninformed species of girls. Robin never granted her the privilege of changing his views, nor often to give hers. There was a tenacity characteristic of him of never admitting defeat. Jean held the blissful moment as long as she dared. Then,

"There was a time when they did not live happily ever afterwards, a Prince and a Princess. The Princess was more beautiful than pale pink lady slippers brushed with dew, in the early morning, and the Prince—" she sighed wistfully, and flung out her arms in a gesture of hopelessness at trying to describe the handsome appearance of the Prince.

"And they lived in a cottage built of sandstone, with green vines trailing over the porch."

The boy sat upright suddenly, and looked at the girl with a dawning suspicion in his eyes, as she unconsciously gazed at the sandstone cottage on the hill.

"And there was a garden, all built of flowers, truly the



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most beautiful in all the world. There was a gate—a broken gate—and a tree that shivered at nightfall and stretched four black fingers across the sky.”

“What kind of a tree, why did she shiver?” the boy asked quickly.

“Oh, a young tree that had died too soon; at twilight its dryad wanted to be free and shivered with pain because she could not. But I was telling you,—one night the Princess left a note for the Prince and went away.”

“Did she come back?”

“No, look!”

Where Jean pointed there were four black fingers stretched gropingly across the sky, searching, always searching, for something just out of reach. Just then the tree gave one wild, mad shiver, the fingers were uplifted in prayer across the sky, then slowly the tree held motionless. It was as if the dryad had made one final desperate attempt at freedom—and died. The fingers no longer searched, but remained four black outlines against the yellow sky. The broken gate hung motionless in the air.

“Jean! Is it,—was it true?”

“Yes. The Princess and the Prince lived there in that house. They were both very beautiful, and they loved each other, but a month ago the Princess went away. Uncle Jack said that he saw the Prince when he found the note. He was broken-hearted.”

“Of course!”

“Jean! Let’s look at the house.”

Two small figures went slipping away in the dark, hand in hand. At the gate they paused, but a quick pull opened the broken gate. The garden was small as was the house. There was no methodical arrangement of the beds, only a wild splash of color here and there.

As Jean and Robin paused hesitatingly, a tall figure arose leisurely from the stone bench and confronted them.

“Oh, are you the Prince?” Robert burst forth in eager inquiry.

The man gave a short, amused laugh. “Most certainly not. Why?”

“Oh, but you are—I mean I called you that—and you are rather like one,” Jean spoke breathlessly.

The man did not answer. Suddenly he spoke.

“Is a prince happy?”



## SAME OLD WAY

"Yes, 'most always."

"Then I lose my title. What will you dub me now, little Princess and Prince," with a mock bow, "the ogre?"

"No! No! No! Prince, if you will be happy, you can still be a prince. Of course there have been unhappy princes, but not nice ones."

"I see. Wave your wand over me then and I'll be happy—no, it will take more than that, little ones," in a deep voice. The man turned abruptly on his heel, walked a few steps, then came back.

"Oh, but prince, the dryad died—and the Princess—and you—must n't die groping like that," Jean pointed to the four black fingers.

The man looked for a long time. "Groping—like that. What blind fools we all are anyway, always groping for happiness when happiness lies already within us. We throw away our treasures, then wait for them to come back—meanwhile we shiver and grope through life. If you will excuse me, I think I will catch that next train, and find happiness."

He walked rapidly away.

"I think he might have invited us when he brings the Princess back," Robin's sturdy little voice quivered.

"Oh, Robin, boys don't know much after all. Don't you know that friends don't have to be invited? That's—er—hospitality," she ended in a burst of triumph at her choice of words.

One moment the boy's face held the look of defeat. Then he burst forth suddenly,

"S all right. I told you fairy tales always ended well," he concluded, with an emphasis on the always.

Jean sighed helplessly. "Boys are so persistent." Then her face broke into a ripple of dimples,

"I don't care. S'pose this fairy tale hadn't ended well?"

Lemuel Jay.

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## REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

I use to think a Senior  
Was the grandest thing on earth.  
Their life, it always seemed to me,  
Was just continuous mirth.

I thought they knew most everything  
And were so dignified!  
Just let me be a Senior once,  
And I'd be satisfied.

But now alas! my view has changed,  
Just when, I cannot say,  
But Senior charms and splendors  
Have long since passed away.

Their life is not at all the kind  
I once thought it to be,  
Instead of joy, it's ceaseless toil,  
And where's the dignity?

It's worry, worry, all the time,  
There's work on every hand.  
A thesis brief, an English test,  
And then a lesson plan.

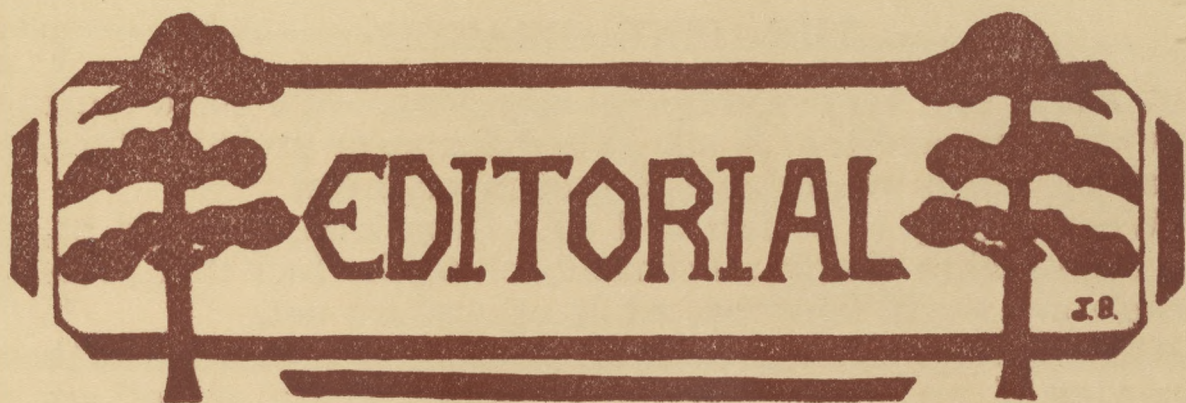
A paper, too, on ed. to write,  
From Rousseau on through Spencer;  
An operetta to create  
For a very careful censor.

A Senior play to be prepared,  
The Pine Branch—why so late?  
'Tis then you stop and wonder  
Will I ever graduate?

Yes, it's grand to be a Senior,  
For their life is full of fun—  
If you'll only ask the person  
Who has never yet been one.

Eppie Roberson, '23.





## ON BEING WORTH KNOWING

In our student group, as well as in practically all other groups, we have very many different types of people. Any one who finds the study of human nature interesting is never idle while in constant contact with any group of people, and especially if the group be entirely girls; for as we all know, girls are said to be very queer creatures.

There are several different ways of classifying girls, of course, but one of the most useful is into those who are worth knowing, and those who are not. Of course, if each of us were given the opportunity of placing her own name under one of the two groups, we should probably all be worth knowing. Also, those of us who are apt to place our names at the head of the list, are no doubt the ones who belong in the other group. At least we occasionally find such to be the case without any "list of names" method.

Perhaps we sometimes wonder what it is that makes people worth knowing. All of us have known some people that will always stand out in our memories. Some act, or word, or even some attitude, has made a lasting impression on us—has given us higher ambitions or ideals than we possessed before. Others who have not exerted such a strong influence, have tended to make our lives more unselfish, purer, or maybe have given us a brighter view of life, and thereby made us more pleasant to live with.

On the other hand, sad as it may seem, there are others who have caused themselves to stand out in our memories, but not in the way we would like to think of them. If we have not been weak enough to come under their undesirable influence, we at least are unable to connect them in our mind with any uplifting thoughts, and for some reason we always have a tendency to wish we had never known them.

Then, too, there are those whom we have known that do



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not stand out very vividly in any way. We have just known them, and that is all. Their name, or probably face, is all by which we are able to remember them.

When we try to understand why these things should be, we soon realize that it all comes back to the fact that some people are worth knowing, while others are not.

Oftentimes there are girls all around us that are worth knowing if we only really knew them. There are others whom we are apt to think worthy of a great deal, that when their real self is revealed, we are reminded that "all that glitters is not gold."

Sometimes we ask: "What in the world can you find to like about that girl? She doesn't seem to me worth knowing?"

Do we ever stop to ask ourselves whether or not there is anything about us worth knowing? It will at least give us something to think about.

E. R.

## WHAT MAKES US DISCONTENTED

Before the many recent inventions and discoveries which we now enjoy, the people were not discontented because they had never experienced the advantages of these discoveries. Our ancestors perhaps felt that their methods could be improved upon, but this did not affect their happiness. Thus, before the invention of the steam engine, people traveled and hauled their freight with much difficulty over great distances, but they never entertained the thought of the present day swift means of transportation. But we, who have enjoyed the results of the wonderful invention, would be horrified by the very thought of traveling as our forefathers did. It is the same way in regard to our modern postal service. In the days of our forefathers, mail was carried through the country by a man on horseback. The people were accustomed to this method and were not discontented. But in these days with our modern postal service, who would send a letter to a friend in Canada by a man on horseback? Thus, it is invariably true that it is not what we lack, but what we see others have that makes us discontented.

Margaret La Far.





The basketball season at the college was closed with a brilliant game. The senior class, winning the last game of the tournament, was awarded the loving cup. The presentation was made by Miss Wilma Houston, head of the physical education department. At the presentation ceremony, Prof. J. F. Wood made a most interesting address on "The Value of Physical Education." Solo and group dances formed a part of the interesting program.

#### Field Day.

Field Day, March 14, came as the crowning event of the physical education department for the year. The students presented a very beautiful appearance as they marched onto the field wearing white gymnasium suits, the leaders of each class bearing the class banners. The events of the day were as follows:

1. Procession of contestants and field marching.
2. Wand Drill—First Year College Class.
3. Basket Ball Relay.
4. Sixty Yard Dash.
5. Fifty Yard Dash.
6. Costume Relay.
7. Shot Put.
8. Mimetic Drill—First and Second Year High School Classes.
9. Jumping Jack Jubilee—Fourth Year High School Class.
10. Dumb-bell Drill—Third Year High School Class.
11. Three Legged Race.
12. Folk Dance—Senior Class.
13. Snake Dance—All Classes.

At the close of the events, Dr. H. D. Johnson announced the results, after which President Powell awarded the Field Day banner to the seniors, which was the winning class. He then presented the monograms to the students who had won them by some especially brilliant athletic feat or by participation as leader in some other campus activity.





## Y. W. C. A.



One of the most helpful events and one which the students look forward to is the series of lectures on Christian Fundamentals, which the Y. W. C. A. plans for each year. This year the Y. W. C. A. was exceedingly fortunate in securing again Dr. W. A. Smart of Emory University, the speaker of last year. Dr. Smart is a very forceful and earnest speaker and a man who deeply believes and practices what he preaches. Each lecture that he gave was made up of practical, helpful principles of every-day living as taught by the life of Christ. He gave the students a deeper and richer meaning of Christianity which will mean much to them the rest of their lives. Some of the subjects of lectures were "The Road to Damascus," "What It Means to Believe in Jesus Christ," and "Loyalty to Ideals."

### Blue Ridge Y. W. C. A. Conference

The members of the student body who have been to Blue Ridge Y. W. C. A. Conference gave a party Saturday evening, March 10, in which they gave the students an idea of the good times they had while at Blue Ridge. Some of the incidents of the trip were dramatized, others told of, most of them ludicrous, but some of them touching the deeper side of life at Blue Ridge. Songs which the girls learned while sitting on the steps of Robert E. Lee Hall at sunset were taught to the students. This party was the first even in the drive for interesting girls in going to Blue Ridge next summer as delegates from the Y. W. C. A. of the college.

Miss Gladys Bryson, the Y. W. C. A. secretary of the Southern states, was a visitor in the college this week. She rendered very valuable services to the members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet in helping train the sub-cabinet for service next year.

### Valentine Party.

Hearts and more hearts, attractive little girls, daintily dressed in fluffy dresses, sturdy looking boys mingling in the throng, and presiding over all a beautiful Queen of Hearts—this was the panorama which would have met your sight had you peeped into the rotunda on the evening of

Seventeen



### Y. W. C. A.

February the tenth. For once lessons and work, age and—yes—dignity were forgotten, and the oft breathed desire **“Make me a child again just for to-night,”** seemed to have mysteriously come true. In the little girl with fluffy ruffles, socks and curls, if you peered close enough you might perhaps recognize the most dignified senior of all; or again perhaps the most timid girl had found a new personality when she donned boy’s clothes and might be seen in the center of a bunch of admiring little girls. And oh, the fun those children did have! The evening was brimfull of it, **for there were** songs and readings, dances and jokes, really truly living valentines given away, and then there were archery contests and games, the prizes for which were arks full of animal crackers dear to the hearts of children since the time of Noah. The crowning event of the evening came, as in all “kiddie” parties, with the serving of ice cream, which brought back memories of other parties in really truly “kiddie” days. But just as every child must grow up, every party must end. Alas, the ending of this party meant the growing up again of all the children. But a bright memory will linger of the time when each was a child again just for a night.

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# ALUMNAE

Forty-two alumnae-to-be, girls, now on the home stretch! What a valuable group to add to our present Alumnae Association which already boasts a hundred thirty-one living members!

Spring mid-term holidays are fast approaching. March 23-27 bids fair to bring joy to our little sisters who are even now packing their "go-away bags" in readiness to hastily and excitedly bid Alma Mater good-bye and run home for a visit. With equal joy and excitement will they greet Alma Mater on their return—and fun! "Just loads of fun" will they have as they relate to each other their home-visit experiences, "the time of my life!" each girl will say. What a wonderful gift is that portrayed in youth, that of happily adjusting oneself to the next situation!

Not the same holiday experiences for the dignified seniors who are arranging to make use of books and more books. Fellow alumnae, can you not guess the reason for all this extra search after knowledge? Does it not take you back to your last college days when you found that the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" gave you some suggestions for your thesis? And, well, college life about that time seemed indeed full. Every instructor was eager to give you all you could take, for his opportunity to instruct you was soon to end. Yes, soon-to-be alumna, we know that without that thesis no diploma will be yours, but it is worth the giving of your best thought and your best effort.

The following alumnae may be found at the following addresses. Too bad we know not their occupation:

Jean Dickenson, class of '18, Bainbridge, Ga.

Sara Cox, class of '22, 71 Gilmore street, Waycross, Ga.

Blanch Thompson, class of '18, is married. Her new name is Mrs. Paul Wilkes, and a letter will find her at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, provided it go care Field Artillery, Battalion 5, Headquarters Division.

Mrs. W. H. Briggs, Hazel Bourquine, has returned from



## ALUMNAE

an interesting trip on the east coast of Florida. The local alumnae welcome her into our city.

The annual dinner of the local alumnae of the college was again a pleasant event; besides it was the occasion for beginning a constructive piece of work. This get-together-on-Cupid's-Day-idea was inaugurated in 1921 by Miss Ada Gallaher, who entertained the alumnae; then at the next return of the day Miss Gallaher and her sister, Miss Sarah Gallaher, were the alumnae's guests. The custom was too well established to be easily laid aside; the approaching season brought back past memories and a desire to spend another evening in narrating reminiscences was a sufficient motive for hasty plan-making. The favors—little red, red rosebuds with tiny hearts attached, each brought a message of love from our dear women who were spending the winter at Columbia University. The guests at the dinner were Miss Annie Hopper, dean of women ad interim, and Miss Ruth Wilson, alumnae scholarship student. Fifteen members of the association were present. Toward the close of the dinner hour, a sheet of note paper was passed and each of the seventeen friends added a personal message to be sent to Miss Gallaher. A business meeting was called by Mrs. Stump for February 21 at 5 o'clock in the college rotunda.

A number of alumnae members responded to the call for the February 21 meeting. At this time, plans for further improvement were discussed and it was decided that the third Wednesday of each month should be used for a regular meeting.

On March 21 the purpose and the importance of having an active, well-organized association was emphasized. Fellow alumna, remember our goal as set forth in circular letter of Dec. 21, 1922. The last clause of paragraph five is most important. And we have invited our little sisters to give us their co-operation in this great work! They have begun. Come, let's hurry to do our part! Read again, paragraph four of above mentioned letter. We are getting ready to greet you.

Edith Patterson.



## Society Notes

### Argonian Literary Society.

The spring programs of the Argonian Literary Society have centered around the lives and works of modern musicians, composers and poets. The program Friday evening, March ninth, was especially instructive and beautiful. Miss Eppie Roberson gave a talk on the trend of modern poetry and told something of the life of Amy Lowell, after which Miss Nanna Alexander gave a reading, "The Rosebud Wallpaper," by Amy Lowell. A modern composer, Edward McDowell, was then studied, and interpretative dances given of three of his best known compositions. The first was "To a Wild Rose," gracefully danced by Miss Willie McDaniel, with accompaniment by Miss Meta Hamilton. A number from an "Indian Lodge" was very dramatically interpreted by Miss Lorene Wilkes as the Indian Princess, and Miss Alma Kicklighter as the Indian lover. The setting for this interpretation was very effective, it being an Indian wigwam on the edge of a forest. The next number was "To a Water Lily," with Miss Madeline Culbreth as the water lily, and Misses Callie Bell and Mineola Levitan, Alma Luke, Arlouine Fitch and Hazel Odum as water sprites.

These interpretations carried a note of artistic quality and imagination that showed to a remarkable degree the growing appreciation for the beautiful in music on the part of the students. Much of the success of the year's work is due to the members of the program committee, of which Miss Ruth Wilson is chairman.

### Sororian Literary Society.

The programs for this month have been unusually interesting. At the first meeting the program was centered around Sidney Lanier and Felix Mendelssohn, whose birthdays occurred on February 3rd. The following delightful numbers were given:

"Life of Sidney Lanier"—Ella DeVane.

Piano Solo—"The Spinning Wheel" (Mendelssohn)—Leo Prine.

Reading—"Two Springs" (Lanier)—Lemual Jay.

Twenty-one



## SOCIETY NOTES

Vocal Selection—Quartet.

“From Morn Till Night on a Florida River” (Lanier)—  
Gertrude Sasser.

Vocal Selection—Quartet.

“The Marshes of Glynn” (Lanier—Caroline Ashley.

The main feature of the regular program meeting was a debate: “Resolved, That the Modern Motion Picture Is a Menace to Society.” The affirmative side was ably defended by Miriam McNair and Edna Cockfield and the negative was upheld by Christine Meadows and Cynthia Lewis. Both sides showed good work, but the final decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. In addition to the debate the following numbers were given:

Reading—Gladys Scarboro.

Piano Selection—Grace Cochran.

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# Jokes

Joyce: "I am despondent over my literary outlook."

Martha: "Why so?"

Joyce: "I sent to the editor of the Pine Branch my best poem, entitled 'Why Do I Live?' and she wrote back, 'Because you did not bring this in person.'"

Cathrine (after psychology quiz on emotions): "If that car ran over me what emotion would I register?"

Lemuel: "You would probably be motionless."

Polly: "How do you like my picture of an Arabian donkey?"

Thelma: "Marvelous! You have put so much of yourself into it."

Cynthia: "Bessie is wandering in her mind."

Lois: "That's all right, she won't go far."

Miss Gilmer: "Are you sure this is absolutely original?"

Junior: "Well—you may find some of the words in the dictionary."

Freddie: "Lend me a dollar and I'll be eternally indebted to you."

Stella: "Yes, I'm afraid so."

Stella: "Pass me the butter."

Gussie Belle (hostess): "If what, Edna?"

Edna: "If you can reach it."

Mr. Green: "Do you know the five methods of choosing the atomic from the combining weight?"

Ila: "I know four."

Mr. Green: "Which one don't you know?"



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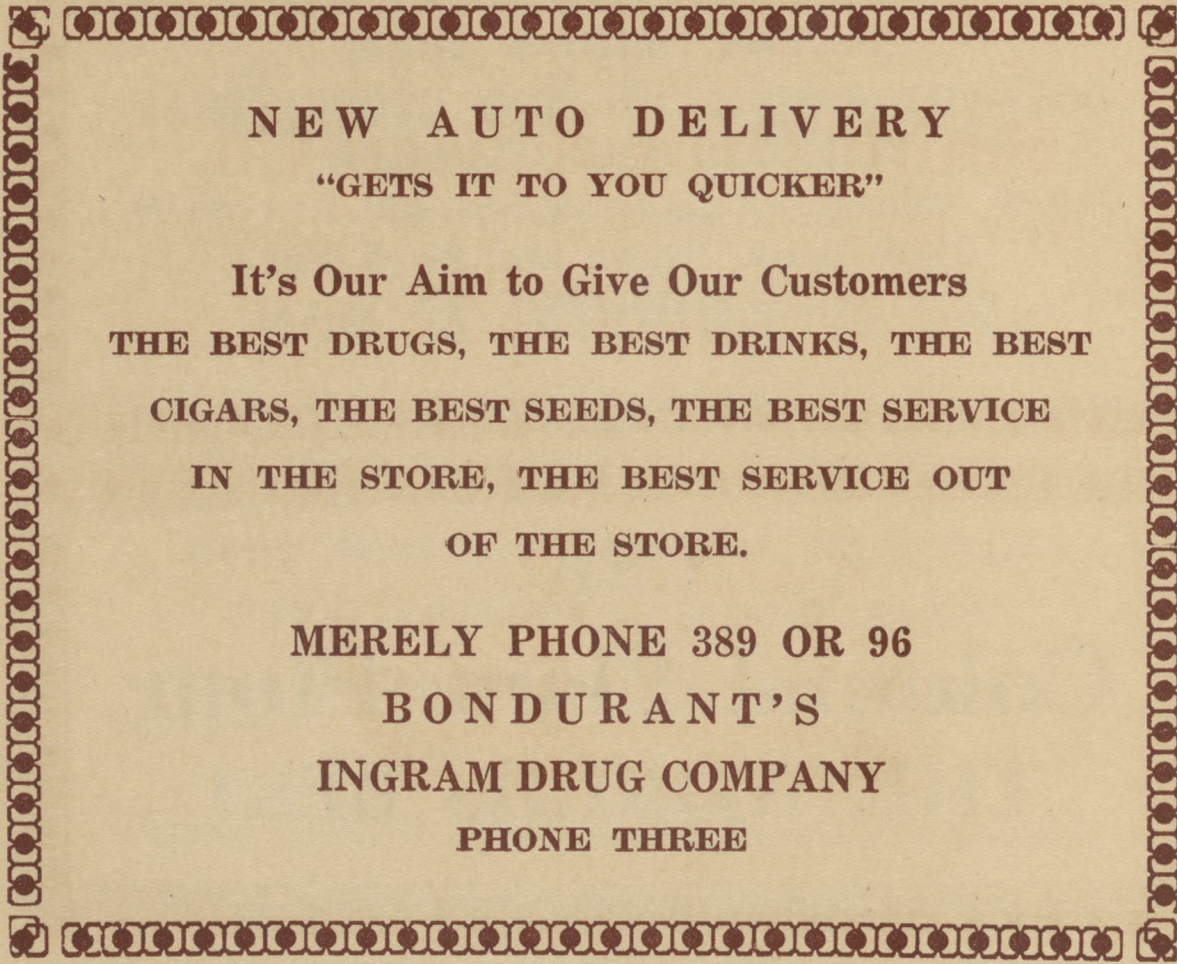
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